Dut. Good faith, good faith: the ſaying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee:
He was the wretchedſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and ſo leiſurely,
That if this were a rule, he ſhould be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, ſo no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope ſo too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they ſay, that my Vncle grew ſo faw,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee ſo?
Yor. Granam, his Nurſe.
Dut. Why, ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too ſhrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorſet.*
Car. Here comes your ſonne, Lord Marques Dorſet,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are ſent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugham, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſed:
Why, or for what theſe Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I ſee the downefall of our houſe,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Inſulting tyrannie brgins to iet

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawleſſe throane:
Welcome deſtruction, death and maſſacre.
I ſee as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood,
Selfe againſt ſelfe. O prepoſterous
And franktice outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither bare your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe; and ſo betid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie. *E*
The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buck. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your ch
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne
The weary way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſom, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yea
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts: